

For the Children

THE STARS.

Just to be good is a star in your sky,
 Just to be kind is another;
 Helping and giving and willing to try,
 Each is a happy star brother,
 Lighting, oh, how many steps on the way,
 Keeping how many from going astray!

How many stars can you count that you know?
 Loving and serving and sharing,
 Wishing good morrow to friend and to foe,
 Smiling and doing and caring.
 Count them, and count them, and when you are done,
 Surely 'twill seem that you've only begun.

Just let the little clouds scurry away;
 Smile, dear, and so never mind them;
 Shadows are never contented to stay;
 Think of the glad stars behind them.
 While the dark showers are hurrying by,
 Oh, the star brothers that shine in the sky!

JAMIE'S VERSE.

By Demarest Wentworth Rubins.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for," repeated Jamie slowly as he endeavored to fix the words of his text in his mind; but his eyes would travel toward the window, and he wondered what the dog was doing, and he just could not remember what the rest of the verse was.

"There goes Robbie!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Can't I call to him to wait?"

"No, dear, you haven't learned your text yet," said mother patiently. "Miss Allen would be so disappointed if you didn't learn it, and I know you would be sorry to be the only one in the class who could not say it."

With a long sigh Jamie began again, but Fritz would bark and he must look out of the door to see where the dog was; the cat had to be petted and his chair placed in another position. So learning the text was very slow work even with mother to prompt him.

"I do not believe I can ever learn it," he declared as he squirmed in his chair. "I don't know anything about 'faith' any way, and it won't do me any good to learn it," he whined.

"Indeed you do know a great deal about it," declared mother positively. "Your life is largely made up of faith."

"Why, how, mother?" and the little boy sat up very straight and looked at her in astonishment.

"Will you please telephone Mrs. Welch that I will bring her book home this evening?" she asked, seeming not to have heard the question. Away Jamie hurried, for he very much enjoyed using the 'phone, especially if he could talk with Mrs. Welch.

"What did you expect when you took the receiver down?" asked mother when he came back into the room.

"That Central would ask what number I wanted, and that Mrs. Welch would answer her ring," was

the somewhat puzzled reply.

"Could you see Central or Mrs. Welch?" she again asked.

"Of course not," he replied.

"That was faith, 'the evidence of things not seen.' You could not see either of them, yet you believed they were at the other end of the line and would answer. Because we have faith, our prayers are answered, for prayer is just a telephone line reaching from our hearts to that of the Heavenly Father.

"When we get on the train to ride to the city we have faith in the man on the engine, in the train, and in the road, that we will reach the city which we can not yet see.

"When father promises you a new suit of clothes, you believe him, even before you see the clothes. So you see there is a great deal of 'faith' in our lives, and I hope my little boy will long remember this text, for it will often prove very comforting."

"Thank you, mother, for 'splaining it," said Jamie soberly. "I think I can learn the verse now," and in only a few minutes he had it firmly fixed in his mind and could go out and play. And next day he was not only able to repeat it for Miss Allen, but also gave an intelligent, if original, explanation of its meaning.—Herald and Presbyterian.

THE CAKE BABY.

By Anna D. Walker.

Norah always made a cake baby for Florette every Saturday when she made cookies, and although the little girl was ten years old she looked forward to it, from week to week, and generally divided the cake with her friend Dorothy, whose home was very near her own.

One Saturday morning, however, just after the cake came into her possession, Florette's mother said to her, "My little daughter, I have a proposal to make to you. You know the little lame girl who lives in the big tenement on Rome street?"

Florette nodded her head, thoughtfully.

"Well, I wish you would take the cake baby, with his currant eyes and red sugar mouth, and carry it down to that little girl, and after showing it to her, eat it with her just as you do with Dorothy."

"Why, mamma, I don't want to do that. Dorothy and I always have great fun over it," and Florette looked disconcerted indeed.

"Oh, but that poor little lame girl who stays alone so much and can walk about so little; don't you want to brighten her up a bit?" questioned her mother.

"I will do just as you say, mamma," answered Florette, resolutely, picking up the cake baby and wrapping a paper around it.

True to her resolution, in the afternoon Florette started forth, and what made the matter easy, Dorothy went with her, glad to do so.

They had not gone far on their benevolent errand before they met Florette's Uncle Charlie, with his handsome team of horses and beautiful carriage.

Reining up, he cried, "Heigh ho! little girls. I was just going to come to take you to ride to town with me, as I have to go."

"Oh, we can't," answered the little niece, and so eagerly explained why that her words came tumbling